

The Oxford County Citizen.

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BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1925.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

When President Coolidge in his address to the American Legion at Omaha declared that civil government was in danger when dictated to by the military forces of the country he hit a lot of high officials in the Army and Navy a hard blow. When he went a step farther to discourage "preparedness" as a method for preserving peace he stepped on the toes of the "better than thou patriots" throughout the country. Woodrow Wilson was called a "pacifist" for less than half of that kind of talk. But conditions, and men's tempers have changed, and President Coolidge is interested in methods that do not count upon military show for progress. He knows that the regular Army and Navy is not in sympathy with his plans to have the United States enter the World Court. He also realizes that as the time for the session of Congress approaches that he may expect the advocates of tremendous armament to start the annual war scare with Japan, or pick up some kind of a cloud of dust about threatened troubles with other Nations. Mr. Coolidge beat 'em to it by his speech before the American Legion. He had an audience of former service men who have known service, and have been "thinking it over." Reports that have reached Washington indicate very clearly that he carried them with him in his style of reasoning.

INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION
Statesmen from parliamentary bodies of Europe, South and Central America, Mexico, Canada and some parts of the United States recently held a "peace conference" in the House of Representatives at Washington. Members of the United States Senate and the lower House of Congress participated. The Secretary of State welcomed the delegates, and they were the guests of the Nation. It was one of the finest groups that have assembled in any country. The exchange of views between the statesmen of the world, inspired by the setting of our own Capitol building, cannot help but produce a better understanding among the nations. The delegates passed a resolution suggesting that President Coolidge should call another disarmament conference, similar to that held when Mr. Harding was President. The trend of thought of these scholar minded men was all in favor of adopting methods to prevent war, and very few of them seem to believe that large armies and navies, and extensive armament will ever keep the nations from fighting. The foreign delegates urged the United States to join the League of Nations or the World Court. In case our country would not agree to such suggestions then they advocated any method that would create a better understanding among the civil authorities of all the nations, and bring antagonistic governments together without wars. This sort of logic seems to have captured not only the United States, but most of Europe. It is the same kind of sentiment that was voiced to the President's Omaha speech the other day.

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WINTER CHAUTAUQUA DEC. 1-2-3

The following is a list of the officers elected for the coming Chautauqua:
Pres.—Rev. S. T. Achenbach.
Vice Pres.—P. Perley Flint.
Treas.—Henry Boyker.
Sec.—W. C. Carey.
Reception Com.—Rev. C. B. Oliver.
Publicity Com.—H. I. Dean.
Ticket Com.—H. B. Thornton.

OFFICERS OF LADIES' CLUB ELECTED FOR YEAR

On Thursday, Oct. 8, the annual meeting of the Ladies' Club was held and the officers for 1925-26 were elected as follows:
President—Mrs. E. E. Hanson.
Vice President—Mrs. H. H. Hastings.
Secretary—Mrs. S. T. Achenbach.
Treasurer—Mrs. E. E. Whitely.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hastings.
Mr. and Mrs. Mark A. Russell.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their help and kindness during our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful flowers, and to Rev. C. B. Oliver for his words of comfort.
Arthur Dudley.
Elizabeth (Dudley) Vashon.

PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING

The October meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association was held Monday, Oct. 12.

The program opened by assembly singing of America with Katherine Herrick at the piano.

The committee of playground equipment for the primary building reported two double teeters already installed and two new swings in the process of construction.

The proceeds of the tag day held last week netted \$43.66 toward playground equipment.

New basketball standards have been ordered for the grammar school.

Mrs. Ralph Young was appointed delegate to the State Convention at Portland.

Herrick's orchestra of four pieces, Mrs. Herrick, cornet; Mr. Herrick, saxophone; Miss Barbara, violin; and Miss Katherine, piano, played a delightful number.

"The Impressions of a Parent," was a paper presented to the Association.

The treasurer reported \$106.50 on hand at the beginning of the school year.

The program committee for November is Mrs. Raymond Tibbets, Mrs. Ralph Young and Miss Eugenie Robie.

CHECK FORGER BOUND OVER TO SUPREME COURT

Arthur Bellevue, a former resident of Sanford, who has been employed in Newry for several weeks past, was arrested Saturday morning by Deputy Sheriff Bennett and brought before Judge F. E. Russell on the charge of forging checks. He was bound over to the grand jury.

ETHEL M. GILMAN

Ethel M. Gilman, aged 49, wife of Harry L. Gilman, died at her home in Hayden Row, Mass., Monday evening, October 15, after a lingering illness, burial was in Framingham.

Mrs. Gilman was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hastings of Newry Corner, and will be pleasantly remembered by a large circle of friends who extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

DANA B. HALL

Funeral services for the late Dana B. Hall, who passed away Saturday afternoon, Oct. 3rd, were held on Tuesday afternoon at the home on Chapman Street, Bethel.

Mrs. Carolyn S. Jefferson, C. S., of Portland rendered the services of the Christian Science Church of which he was a member.

Mr. Hall was born in Solon, Maine, November 27th, 1846, the youngest of seven sons of the late William and Mary Bean Hall, and the last of a family of thirteen children.

His early life was passed in that town where he married Alfordetta Clark who survives him. For the past thirty-five years he has been a resident of Bethel.

Until February 1924 he had been exceptionally strong and active, since which time he has lived a life of invalidism cheerfully borne and the end came peacefully.

He leaves one son, William B. Hall, and a daughter, Mrs. Winifred Bartlett, who both faithfully cared for him to the last. Also three grandsons, Harold, Roger and Rodney Bartlett, besides several nephews and nieces.

Among the beautiful floral offerings of many friends he was laid by old neighbors to rest in Riverside cemetery.

MRS. LAURA A. PROCTOR

Mrs. Laura A. Proctor of Norway passed away at the home of her nephew, Fred Hutchinson, Thursday night. Mrs. Proctor had been in her usual good health and was taken ill after she retired and lived only a half hour.

She was born at Albany, N. H., July 12, 1849, the daughter of the late Mary and May Gile Harriman. In 1868 she married H. Percy Proctor of Waterford, who passed away in 1918. The greater part of their married life was spent in Norway.

Mrs. Proctor was well known and greatly respected in the village, as she had been a guest in the Hutchinson home for the past five summers and had taken a great interest in the activities of the place.

Mrs. Proctor is survived by one son, Fred G. Proctor of Auburn, one daughter, Ethel, wife of Charles Wood of Norway, six grandchildren and one great grandchild.

The services were held Sunday afternoon at the M. B. Church at Norway, of which Mrs. Proctor was a member. Rev. Percy was speaking words of comfort.

BRYANT'S POND COMMUNITY FAIR A GRAND SUCCESS

The community fair at Bryant's Pond which was scheduled to take place last Saturday was postponed to Monday on account of bad weather. A large number of people were in attendance and enjoyed the various activities of the day. A ball game, supposed to be between the married men and single men, did not materialize, but two teams were chosen and provided amusement for the crowd that had gathered. A football game between South Paris High School and Woodstock High School followed the baseball game. The heavier South Paris boys had no trouble in securing at will, the final score being 61 to 0 in favor of South Paris.

The horse pulling event was held in the corn shop yard and drew a large crowd. In the 2000 pound class D. J. Dudley of Bryant's Pond was first with 110 feet, Dan Hill of West Paris second with 109 ft., and Harry Howe of Bryant's Pond third with 74 ft. and 10 inches. In the 5000 pound class D. J. Dudley was first with 188 feet and 11 inches, Harry Howe of Bryant's Pond second with 192 feet and 11 inches, D. J. Dudley of Bryant's Pond third with 71 feet and 5 inches.

The corn show hall was crowded with a big display of fruits, vegetables, dairy work, paintings, rugs, and quilts. One corner of the hall was devoted to fancy work, darning and other kinds of work by children of the schools, and was a very creditable showing.

Premiums were awarded as follows: Fancy Work, contributed by Franklin Grange and the community—Collection, Mrs. Florence Melonia, Mrs. Leon Cushman, Mrs. A. H. Perham 3.

Night dresses with crocheted yokes, Mrs. Basha Ackley 1, Mrs. Lavie Sweetser 2, Mrs. Basha Ackley 3.

Towels, Mrs. A. H. Perham 1, Miss Olive Pingree 2, Mrs. Emily Felt 3.

Lantern sets, Mrs. C. P. Kimball 1, Miss Ruby Willard 2.

Center pieces, Miss Olive Pingree 1, Mrs. Annie Bryant 2, Mrs. Frank Davis 3.

Salad, apron, handmade in France, Mrs. Sylvia Johnson 1.

Fable runner, Mrs. Edith Hathaway 1, Mrs. Annie Bryant 2, Mrs. Flora Cole 3.

Buffet set, Miss Ruby Willard 1, Mrs. E. E. Davis 2, Mrs. Basha Ackley 3.

Articles made by girls' club, Harriett Abbott 1, Norma Cole 2, Alice Felt 3.

Elsie Abbott and Bertha Cushman received honorable mention.

The antiques were numerous, among them being dishes, dolls, shawls, table cloth and runner, which was spun and woven by Marcus Whitman Bryant from flax grown by Jacob Whitman of Woodstock more than a century ago.

Crocheted yokes, Mrs. Ruby Willard 1, Mrs. Fred Cole 2, Sofa pillows, Mrs. Fred Cole 1, Mrs. Basha Ackley 2, Mrs. Fred Cole 3.

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GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

The first social event of the school year occurred in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Thursday evening, Oct. 8th, when the Seniors gave the annual reception to the Freshmen. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with the Senior class colors, rose and silver.

The guests were received by Mrs. J. G. Gehring, Miss Maria Pease, Principal and Mrs. Hanson, Miss Litchfield, Miss Whitman and Franklin Keniston, the President of the Senior class. A short program had been arranged consisting of brief addresses of welcome. Principal Hanson welcomed the new scholars and teachers in behalf of the faculty and Franklin Keniston extended the welcome from the student body.

Elizabeth Mason, President of the Y. W. C. A. Girl Reserves and Kenneth Stanley, President of the Y. M. C. A. and the Undergraduate Association explained the different ways in which these organizations functioned in the life at Gould and assured the new students of a cordial welcome into the membership of these organizations.

A quartet consisting of Virginia Goodnow, Helen Coffin, Elizabeth Coffin and Virginia Haxell, accompanied by Lucella Matherson, rendered a selection very effectively. Miss Marie Henderson gave two readings that were much enjoyed. A short order of dances interspersed with games completed the evening's entertainment and all went home filled with the spirit of friendship and good fellowship which is characteristic of Gould Academy life. Punch was served during the evening.

Several guests were entertained at the Students Home during the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Seth Lee of Newry, Mass., visited their daughter, Miss Virginia, who is a member of the Senior class. While Miss Hazel Haxell, of Newryville, a member of the Freshman class, entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haxell, in her home.

Mrs. Irene Foster of Rochester, Mass., a former student at Gould, was the guest of Miss Wright.

Principal and Mrs. Hanson had as guests their son, Edward and wife, of Newry, Mass., also their daughter, Miss Margaret, of Bates College.

Richard Holmes, a member of the class of '23, was the guest of Mr. Hanson.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, State Inspector of H. B. Schools, Mr. W. L. Powers, President of Maine Normal School, Superintendent of Maine Normal School, spent one day last week.

The first Reserves (invited all the new girls of the school to their meeting on Wednesday of last week in order that they might acquaint them with the nature of this organization. The meeting was conducted by their President, Elizabeth Mason, who explained the club purposes and code. Misses Dorothy Graver, Miss Dean, and Esther Caldwell represented the three upper classes respectively in explaining what the Girl

Reserves had meant to them as individuals and to the school life. Miss Wright gave a brief talk on the scope of Y. W. C. A. organization. The next meeting will be a recognition service when new members will be initiated.

The following girls have been elected as members of the Girl Council, an organization representative of girls living at the Students Home and at the Cottage: Senior representative, Elmer DeLong; Junior representative, Evelyn Cole; Sophomore representative, Alice Hamilton; Freshman representative, Eva Bartlett; second floor representative, Helen Curtis; third floor representative, Elizabeth Coffin; Cottage representative, Helen Morsen; Secretary and Treasurer, Florence Howe.

Owing to the large number in the sophomore Domestic Arts class a new sink has been installed in the kitchen of the cottage. A new battleship boiler has been laid on the floor and stairs of the front hall. The Freshman class is doing a fine practical work in waxing and polishing this boiler.

PUBLIC BEQUESTS IN THE WILL OF W. W. HASTINGS

Public bequests to three churches and two institutions of Bethel are provided in the will of William W. Hastings, which was filed in the Probate Court of Cumberland County last week. It being filed in that country because the nominal executor is Judge Henry H. Hastings of the Oxford County Probate Court.

The will directs that the sum of \$2000 be added to the fund of Gould Academy, \$1000 to the Bethel Library, and \$1000 each to the Congregational, Universalist and Methodist churches of the town.

The estate is valued at \$200,000, including \$50,000 in real estate. Other beneficiaries includes relatives and friends as follows: Marshall B. Hastings, Norma Hastings, Ruth Hastings, Henry H. Hastings, Henry H. Hastings, Jr. and Mrs. William Lowe, all of Bethel; Warren Hastings of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Herbert B. and Herbert G. Hastings of Wilbur, Oregon; Ella and Flossie Hastings of Auburn; Charles Poor of Andover; Annie Hastings of Lancaster N. H.; and Alice G. Bryant of Burford Point.

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FIRST SNOW STORM OF THE SEASON MADE ITS VISIT LAST SATURDAY

The weather man was a little ahead of schedule this year and handed out a very disagreeable day last Saturday. All kinds of weather was experienced during the day. A heavy rain mixed with snow and sleet and accompanied by a high wind gave us the severest storm of the season. Saturday morning the ground was covered with a light coating of snow, and the mountain tops were as white as in winter, about an inch of snow falling. At Gorham, N. H., and other towns north of us reports give the amount of snow from three to seven inches. Sunday continued cold with a high wind. Monday was warm and our winter reminder was over.

Reports from North Newry give the fall as about four inches and at Upton from two to five inches.

K. of P. CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN NORWAY, THURSDAY EVENING

The district convention of the 10th District, will be held Thursday, Oct. 15th at Norway Opera House, Norway. The program will be as follows:

Address of welcome by P. C. Donald, B. Partridge of Pennessawasee Lodge, No. 18, Norway.

Response by the G. C. J. Frank Mason of Portland.

Address and School of Instruction, G. K. S. Edgar J. Brown of Waterville.

Response, John Everett of Hamilton Lodge, No. 31, South Paris.

Banquet followed by exemplification of the Rank of Popokey Eureka Lodge, No. 48, of Auburn.

MCINNIS-LIBBY

Miss Vera Libby of Gorham, N. H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Libby, and Kenneth Melonia of West Bethel were married at the Methodist parsonage at Gorham by the Rev. A. H. Graham on Wednesday evening, Oct. 7.

The double ring service was used. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Lowell, sister and brother-in-law of the groom, were best man and bridesmaid. The young couple will make their home at West Bethel. Their many friends wish them success and happiness.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 10, the Graham friends of Mrs. Melonia gave a shower for Mr. and Mrs. Melonia at the home of her father in Gorham. About thirty people were present. Many pretty and useful gifts were given by Graham friends.

SUP. OF STATE YOUNG PEOPLE TO BE HERE FRIDAY

Miss Ruth A. Carter to be at Bethel Banquet Friday Night

There will be a supper at the Methodist Church, Friday night at 8 o'clock for the young people of the village, including young people of all the churches, with us we have asked as care to come, will constitute the company. Each person is asked to bring a pie, or a cake, or doughnuts or cookies. Hearty food and coffee will be prepared. The ministers and layal church and Sunday school members will be more than welcome.

After the supper, Miss Carter will speak about the State young people's work and "set up" the Third Young People's Conference to be held in Bethel in November or later if you so vote. Miss Carter will be pleased to see present the teachers of the elementary and secondary schools with the principals of the same. Come expecting a jolly meeting.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. Fred Edwards gave a surprise party at her home Tuesday evening, Oct. 14, to celebrate her birthday. When she returned to Mrs. Edwards' in the evening and put on the living room lights she was surprised to find that Dorothy Edwards, Julia Bryant, Virginia Goodnow, Olive Austin and her sister Julia. Games were played for which there were prizes given. Then refreshments were served consisting of ice cream, candy and birthday cake, after which followed the best for the gifts from attic to cellar. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clark and two children from Arlington, Mass., were week end guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark.

Miss Mae Taylor has completed her duties at the home of I. L. Carver, and is staying with Miss Edith Morse on Mechanic Street.

Friends of Mr. Donald Young of Portland, who has been at Hebron Sanatorium, will be glad to know that he has returned to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson were in town, Saturday and moved their household goods to Augusta where they will make their home.

Miss Hattie Blake has returned to her work in the home of D. M. Forbes after spending three weeks at her home on the Locke's Mills road.

Mrs. Amelia Grover returned to her home in Hyde Park, Mass., Wednesday, after spending several months at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Stearns.

Mrs. Ethel Hammons accompanied Miss Thelma Hutchinson to Boston, Sunday, where Miss Hutchinson entered the Leland Power School of the Spoken Word.

There will be a rehearsal for degree work at the Bethel meeting Monday evening, Oct. 19. It is hoped that all members of the degree staff will be present.

Mrs. Raymond Jackson and daughter, Joan, of Amesbury, Mass., are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Philbrook. Mr. Jackson was here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Patterson and two sons and Mrs. Fred Clark and Mrs. D. M. Forbes attended the funeral of Mr. C. R. Biggs at South Waterford last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Edward Gilha and sister, Mrs. Lillian Whitman and daughter, Dorothy, Lauris Tyler from Boston and Miss Esther Tyler from Portland were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Tyler.

Among those who attended the festival at Portland last week were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Howe, Rev. and Mrs. S. T. Achenbach, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Upton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhof, Mrs. H. M. Farwell, Miss Marjorie Farwell, Miss Ruby Gaudet and Mr. W. J. McKay were among those who attended the music festival in Lewiston last week.

Master Dana Brooks celebrated his fourth birthday on Saturday, Oct. 2, by entertaining friends at his home on Main Street. Games were played and refreshment served. The guests were June Eales, Christie Thurston, Edward Robertson O'Neil Robertson and Parker Brown.

Miss Daisy Dixon of Thorndike is the guest of Mrs. P. B. Chandler and will spend some time in town calling on old friends. Miss Dixon was employed in the Citizen office several years and lived in the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leander Barker on Main Street.

While a good many other towns in the State have been putting in claims for having the unusual thing happen Bethel is not so far behind. Wednesday morning Wilfred Bartlett brought into the Citizen office an apple blossom which his father, W. L. Bartlett, had picked from one of his trees the last of the week.

A dinner party was given at Bethel Inn last Sunday in honor of the birthday of Mrs. E. D. Stearns who was 72 years young and Fred L. Edwards who was 60 only. A most enjoyable occasion was made of it. There were present Mrs. S. P. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kibbers, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park, Miss Marie Clark and Miss Dorothy Edwards.

Those attending the 38th anniversary of Bond Mountain Grange, Albany, were: Mrs. A. E. K. Graver, D. N. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mason, Mrs. Ben Hastings, Mrs. Lottie Juman, Mrs. Gertrude Haggood. Mrs. Graver and Mrs. Haggood were formerly members of that Grange. A delightful time was enjoyed by all despite the blistery winter weather.

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IT HAPPENED IN
NEW ENGLANDNews of General Interest
From the Six States

Awards of the air mail service's first contract routes have been made by Postmaster General New, and included the New York-Boston route, to Colonial Air Lines, Inc., Nantucket, Conn.

Allowance of the will of William W. Hastings of Bethel, Me., revealed bequests of \$5000 to Gould Academy, \$1000 each to the funds of the Congregational, Universalist and Methodist churches of Bethel, and \$1000 to the Bethel Library.

Acting Captain Daniel J. Hloca of the Boston liquor squad has issued a warning to drinkers of "ulky" spirits, moonshine and alleged gin. He says that most of these drinks are made from a base of denatured alcohol, an unhealthy drink to say the least.

A bold holdup, the third there this year, occurred at the A. & P. store at 43 Cameron avenue, West Somerville, Mass., when an armed landit lashed the arms and hands of the manager, Claude E. Gaudette, robbed the store of \$75 and fled, locking the doors behind him.

Miss Arline Holm of Manchester, N. H., was elected executive secretary of the Attleboro League of Girls and Women following the annual meeting held at Attleboro, Mass. She succeeds Miss Katherine Briggs, who has gone to the New Bedford Y. W. C. A., as secretary.

Employees of the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Company of Gardiner, Me., at a mass meeting voted to accept a recent wage reduction and return to work. The workers, 450 strong, walked out on Sept. 30 in protest against a reduction of their bonus from 20 to 25 percent.

Miss Arline Williamson of Damariscotta, Me., formerly a telegraph operator in the Western Union Telegraph Company's office in Boston, is suing the company for \$25,000 damages resulting from alleged injuries sustained while engaged in working a wire to Connecticut on Aug. 22, 1921.

Mayor Francis P. Gullfoyle, Democrat, was returned to power in the city election at Waterbury, Conn., by a plurality of 1523 votes. He polled 12,651 votes to 10,621 for former Mayor William H. Sandland, his Republican opponent. The entire Democratic ticket was re-elected.

Turning "a reign of terror for the public into a reign of terror for bandits" is the announced purpose of Representative Everett R. Pratt of Quincy, Mass., in filing a bill with the clerk of the House of Representatives which would make 20 years' imprisonment for robbery while armed.

Samuel Schultz, aged 60, owner of a tailor shop at Lynn, Mass., was badly beaten and robbed by two men, who entered his place of business on the pretense of selling him a ring. The holdup men took a watch and chain valued at \$150 and \$23 cash that Schultz had in his pocket.

Fire on the top floor of the Eastern Furniture Company's store in Bangor, Me., spread in the partitions, requiring considerable water and an hour's work by firemen. The damage by water and smoke extended well through the three floors and will exceed \$30,000, officials of the company say.

Three 13-year-old boys were arrested at Worcester, Mass., on charges of breaking into the Natural History Museum on State street and stealing a number of historic relics. Officials of the museum said the boys did about \$7500 damage. They gained entrance by breaking a window in the rear, and then jammed the locks of a number of showcases, smashing some of the cases. They left by breaking a stained-glass antique church window. Among the relics recovered by the officers from beneath stairways in the North End were five reliquaries of antique type, one old style bagle, an antique watch, some army badges, one pair of army gauntlets and a Spanish dagger. The boys threw the relics over the floor of the museum, ruining many of them beyond repair.

The increase in holdups, with the ever present hazard to life and property has reached a stage where two of Boston's leading banks have introduced a new method in the city for the delivery of payrolls and transmittal of other cash and securities. The First National Bank of Boston and the Old Colony Trust Co. have decided to discontinue all private automobile service for the transportation of payrolls, cash and securities on October 31 and turn this extremely business over to an express company equipped fully to conduct it at a minimum risk.

The will of Charles A. Gleason of North Brookfield, Mass., makes bequests of \$5,000 each to Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst, First Church of Christ in Springfield, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the Congregational Home Missionary Society. \$2,000 to the Brookfield Congregational Church and \$1,000 to the New Britain Congregational Church. The estate is valued at \$105,000.

Rev. J. D. O'Brien, pastor of the Church of the Holy Redeemer of Bar Harbor, Me., for the past thirty years, was stricken by a shock and died almost instantly.

The City Council of Lowell, Mass., recently voted to transfer \$25,000 to the charity fund, the number of persons unemployed increasing the demands on the charity fund.

Edwin J. Foster, of Worcester, Mass., who retired from office as commander of George H. Ward Post 10, G. A. R., preparatory to his departure from Worcester to make his home in Florida, was given a farewell dinner by fellow veterans of the Civil War and veterans of the more recent wars.

Automobile owners in Massachusetts will have to do some figuring for themselves when they come to register their cars for 1926 as the State has adopted a new application blank which calls for the stroke of the engine in addition to the bore and the number of cylinders that the old blank required.

The total valuation of taxable property in New Hampshire for 1925 is \$596,975,634, as compared to a valuation in 1924 of \$585,422,377, according to figures given by the State tax commission at Concord. The total taxes assessed for 1925 were announced as \$16,780,963.87, as compared to a total of \$15,902,552.00 in 1924.

Mrs. William J. Sherry of Whitinsville, Mass., a prominent member of the League of Women Voters, is enjoying raspberry shortcake, with the fruit picked from her garden. In spite of several killings from late frost, twenty-five bushes, she picked one and one-half quarts of the berries. Not only does she enjoy raspberries, but she is picking enough strawberries each week to give the family a good treat.

Standing in the same historic little sitting-room at Plymouth, Vt., where he had given the oath of office to his son in August, 1923, Colonel John Coolidge administered another oath when he married Fred O. Copeland, cashier of the Randolph National Bank, and Miss Nettie L. Robbins, a teacher in New York city. Among those who attended the simple ceremony were Dr. A. M. Cram, Colonel Coolidge's family physician, and Mrs. Cram.

December 1 has been set tentatively as the date for the closing of the Parker House. Following the end of the football season, with its anticipated scarcity of hotel rooms, the J. R. Whipple Corporation, which has purchased the hotel from the previous owners, plans to raze it and to erect in its place a 16-story hotel with approximately 800 rooms. This, it is expected, will be ready for occupancy early in 1927.

"Eastward the star of empire takes its way" is the new unofficial slogan of the New England interests who are active in winning back some of the tillers of the soil who have gone West. They have been encouraged by the interest shown by middle West power magnates in power sites in New England. That the movement is definitely going ahead is vouched for by the federal farm census, which shows an increasing farm population in New England.

The town of Westminster, Vt., was found guilty by a jury in Windham County Court at Newfane following a hearing on an indictment in which the State of Vermont charged the town with failure to keep certain highways and bridges in repair. The defense claimed that since the indictment practically all the highways and bridges complained of have been repaired. The state provides for the appointment of a commission to do the work, the costs to be assessed against the town.

Yale University at New Haven, Conn., has adopted a new scale of tuition scholarship stipends and a higher minimum standard of qualification for scholarship aid for freshmen this year, and the new scale will be effective for all undergraduates next year. Under the new rule, students maintaining an average grade of 85 or above will receive \$400 for the year and those maintaining an average of 75 to 84, inclusive will receive \$300 for the year, which is the full amount of the tuition fee.

Thomas W. Bicknell, famous historian, lecturer and scholar, founder of several church and educational institutions in various parts of the country, and co-founder of the North Dakota town of New England, died Oct. 6 at the Homeopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I., following an operation. Dr. Bicknell was 91 years of age. He was born in Haverhill in 1834. He was educated in the Haverhill public schools until 16 and then went to Harvard University, Theford, Vt. Later he attended Amherst for a year. Dr. Bicknell was leader and co-founder of the Harvard Congregational Church at Boston and the Congregational Church at New England, N. D. He founded the National Society, Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, in 1908.

New England, its opportunities and possibilities for becoming its industries and trades were described by John S. Lawrence of Boston, chairman of the eighteen delegates appointed by the Governors of New England for a New England movement. In his address to the members of the Boston Advertising Club at Hotel Bellevue, Mr. Lawrence told of plans to get 100,000 men together frequently to discuss plans which would bring about greater cooperation among these leaders in the six States.

CANTON

Children's night will be observed at the next meeting of Penemah Rebekah Lodge. The committee in charge is composed of the Misses Margaret Small and Ruby and Eleanor Patterson. Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., will hold a sale of fancy work and aprons, also a supper and entertainment on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 30 at Masonic hall.

Miss Nina Tobin of Payette is a guest of friends in town.

Mrs. H. B. Gilbert and daughter, Jean, have been spending a week in Lewiston, where an operation for adenoids and tonsils was performed on the child.

Miss Ethel Goding and Mrs. Fannie Lucas were elected delegate and alternate by Penemah Rebekah Lodge to attend the Rebekah Assembly at Portland next week.

Mrs. Mabel Hussey has returned from several weeks visit in Boston. Miss Josephine Lavorgna gave a pleasant party to her young friends Thursday, when games were played and refreshments served. She was the recipient of gifts.

At the meeting of the Fair Circle, Wednesday, the 86th birthday of one of its oldest and most valued members, Mrs. Mary Foster, was observed. She was kindly remembered with gifts of flowers, confectionery, fruit, a plant and two lovely birthday cakes, also a large shower of cards and letters of congratulations from her many friends. Fifty sat down to a beautiful dinner. Among the old friends and neighbors from out of town who honored this occasion by their presence were, Mrs. Mary E. Putnam, Mrs. Lillian Roakes and little son, Ellis, Mrs. Gladys Elwell and daughter, Dorothy, and Mrs. Vera Stone, all of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Waite of North Jay. Guests were also present from Canton and Hartford. Mrs. Foster has been chaplain of the Ladies' Circle for twenty-five consecutive years. The Circle also entertained the ladies of the Farm Bureau at this meeting, the subject being "Industry."

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Sanders have been on a visit to Harold Bradford of Turner at the Hebron Sanatorium. A tennis court is being built at Lakefield Camp and other improvements made. Miss Julia Small and friend, Miss Gladys Marshall, of Farmington Normal

School have been guests of Miss Small's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Small. Junior Johnson was at home from Bates College and Clara Johnson from Wiscasset over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman of Auburn and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Towle and son, John, and Miss Mabel Towle of Dixfield were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lucas.

The basketball game between the Cantons and Buckfields at Canton resulted in a victory for the visitors by the score of 25 to 9. The Cantons were also defeated at Leavitt, Friday.

J. Elmer Frazee received an abundant post card shower on his birthday, Friday, from his many friends, which was very much appreciated.

A marriage of interest to Canton people is that of Charles Dymont of Canton and Miss Della Dorothy Gordon of West Sullivan, which recently took place at Sullivan. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Annie Gordon and is a telephone operator at West Sullivan. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dymont of Farmington. He received his education in the Canton schools and graduated from high school in the class of '21. For the past year he has been employed at Sullivan by his uncle, James Kerr, a contractor.

Mrs. Elsie Daveport has been visiting in Auburn.

Mrs. Anna Bailey is visiting her sister, Mrs. Grace Gile, of Payette who is in very poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell of Swampscott, Mass., have been guests of his sons, Mrs. Essie S. Oldham and Mrs. Susan Ellis, and other relatives in Hartford.

Raymond Standley has been a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lillian Dickrell. The Ladies' Aid will hold a food sale at the vestry next Thursday afternoon. The last guest at Lakefield left Monday morning and the camp is closed after a successful season.

Mrs. Geo. Glover has been visiting at her home in Durham. An auto accident happened Sunday near the residence of Charlie Hodge, when the wheel of a truck came off and the machine hit a Chevrolet car doing considerable damage.

Canton is to have a Lyceum Course, the first entertainment of which was held Tuesday of this week. Supt. Ray Robertson and a party of friends are at Moosehead Lake for a week.

Roger Glover is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Glover. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mendall, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tyler and daughter, Marion, have been on a trip to the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Clara Ludden have been visiting in town.

There are at least two reasons why so many Bethel people order their magazine and newspaper subscriptions through me. My prices are as low as, or lower than, any publisher or agency will quote; and they are assured of better service.

I will accept orders for magazines at prices you may have from any publisher or agency—but I have nothing with to do with premiums.

CARL L. BROWN
Magazine Subscription Agency

Careful estimates give the daily loss in the anthracite coal strike as \$1,500,000, besides any inconvenience or price losses to consumers. The mine laborers alone lose \$1,000,000 a day.

One of the most annoying and general complaints children suffer from is worms. You know the signs—constipation; deranged stomach; offensive breath; eyes heavy and dull; coated tongue; grinding of the teeth. Don't let the child suffer. Promptly give him

Dr. True's Elixir

the pleasant and effective laxative and worm expeller. A few doses and you can note the improvement in the child's condition. Equally good for constipation in adults.

The True Family Laxative and worm expeller

Family size \$1.20; other sizes 60c and 40c. Successfully used for over 75 years

Here's Opportunity

"Bookkeeper for factory of Christian concern; good opportunity for advancement for conscientious workers."—The Boston Transcript says it found this advertisement in another newspaper.

There are at least two reasons why so many Bethel people order their magazine and newspaper subscriptions through me. My prices are as low as, or lower than, any publisher or agency will quote; and they are assured of better service.

I will accept orders for magazines at prices you may have from any publisher or agency—but I have nothing with to do with premiums.

CARL L. BROWN
Magazine Subscription Agency

Washington Parlor
Heater

Warranted to heat 1,000 ft. of Space

also
Perfect Clarion Heaters

G. L. Thurston

BETHEL, MAINE

An "alcohol breath" won't save your car from freezing, but---one filling of NoVap now will save you money all winter!

In NoVap, the new Protective Radiator Glycerin, the motorist is now offered at Herrick Bros. Co. a high grade radiator glycerin. One filling of NoVap in your radiator lasts all winter. THE FIRST COST IS THE LAST COST. Therefore, the cost of absolute protection against freeze-damage all winter long is lower than that of alcohol, with its rapid evaporation, its constant refills, and its unsatisfactory protection.

NoVap won't evaporate! NoVap won't smell! NoVap is a high-grade glycerin specially treated to protect all metal and rubber hose from even such a mild attack as that of plain water in the cooling system. Day in, day out, from below-zero to warm days of thaw, through hail and rain and snow and blizzard, NoVap stays in smooth solution in your radiator. It never clogs, but carries off excess motor-heat evenly. NoVap cools your motor as well as well as water. It will not boil on warm days.

Storage Batteries Repaired and Kept for the Winter

We have a heated room especially for batteries where they will not freeze. We come and get your battery and return it when you want it.

Automobile Repairing

Have your car overhauled this winter and have it ready to run the first thing in the spring. We have room for a limited number of cars. Call us up and we will come and get yours.

We Carry in Stock a Full Line of

Chains, Windshield Wipers, Radiator Covers and Everything for Cold Weather

HERRICK BROS. CO.

Bethel, Maine

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
BETHEL NATIONAL BANK,
At Bethel in the State of Maine, at
the close of business on Sept. 28, 1925.

RESOURCES

1. Loans and discounts, including advances, acceptances of other banks, and foreign bills of exchange or drafts, sold with indorsement of this bank (except those shown on b and c) \$47,189.28
2. Overdrafts, unsecured 212.60
3. U. S. Government Securities owned: a. Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value) 10,000.00
4. All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any) 17,400.00

Total 87,801.93

5. Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc. 112,414.70
6. Furniture and fixtures 72.33
7. Federal reserve with Federal Reserve Bank 17,500.25
8. Cash in vault and amount due from national banks 52,812.63
9. Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 52,812.63

14. Miscellaneous cash items 163.80

15. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 500.00

Total 203,692.31

LIABILITIES

17. Capital stock paid in 125,000.00
18. Surplus fund 25,000.00
19. a. Undivided profits 23,919.31
- b. Reserve for 23,919.31
- c. Less current expenses paid 1,618.87
20. Circulating notes out- standing 4,900.00
21. Fractional checks out- standing 7.53
22. Total of items 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32 215,616.14

Total 203,692.31

STATE OF MAINE
COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss:
I, Henry C. Park, Clerk of the above named bank, solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HENRY C. PARK, Clerk.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of October, 1925.
A. E. HERRICK, Notary Public.

Witness my hand and the seal of said office at Bethel, Maine, this 10th day of October, 1925.
P. L. HOWARD,
CLARENCE K. FOX, Directors.

Health and Home

CAMPING AND PROBLEM OF FOOD

There is no healthier sport than camping. During the warm and balmy spring and summer days, it is real recreation. To get out in the fresh air and sunshine, free from worry and care, enhances the health of anyone, be he office man, salesman or what not.

But due to the entirely inadequate means of food preservation and refrigeration found in the majority of camps, there is the ever-present danger of sickness from infected foods. The utmost care must be taken in order that this may be avoided. Butter and eggs should be bought only as used. The milk is a problem in itself. Perhaps the solution lies in the use of a milk other than market milk, in order that purity and sterility may be assured. For such use, evaporated milk is ideal. Many people are wont to confuse evaporated and condensed milk but there is no similarity between the two. Condensed milk is a combination of sugar and milk and can be used only when both of these substances are desired. Evaporated milk is merely pure, fresh milk with about sixty per cent of the water removed and the nutrient content left intact. It is absolutely sterile and pure, having been sterilized before leaving the factory. The water, removed by evaporation, may be replaced very easily and the milk returned to its original volume. Evaporated milk may be added in small cans, containing six ounces or in larger ones containing sixteen and can be taken to the camp in quantities sufficient for the needs of the entire party, thus assuring a constant supply of pure, fresh milk without the worry or the danger attached to the use of the market product.

Following are recipes for a few dishes that are best adapted for camp consumption because of ease of preparation, purity and food value.

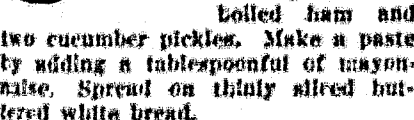
Tomato Soup.
1 pint tomato pulp 1/2 cups water
or canned tomato Salt and pepper
1/2 cup evaporated milk to taste
1/2 cup evaporated milk 1/2 tsp. soda
Bring tomato pulp or soup to the boil, add the seasonings and soda. Heat the milk and water and combine slowly with the tomato mixture.
Stirred Eggs.
1/2 cup evaporated milk 1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 cup water 2 eggs
1/2 tsp. pepper 2 tbsp. fat
Beat the eggs, add the milk, water and seasonings. Melt the fat in a frying pan. Add the egg mixture and stir until the mixture is creamy. When almost done, sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve on slices of bread, toast or crackers.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)
The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by practice and experience of them. —Socrates.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Sandwich filling is always in season. It is a good plan to keep a list of good combinations. One may not always follow them, but they will be suggestive and helpful.
Chop one two large hard-boiled eggs, one cupful of cold buttered ham and two cucumber pickles. Make a paste by adding a tablespoonful of mayonnaise. Spread on thinly sliced buttered white bread.
Take pint of finely chopped chicken, turkey or game, one-half cupful of ground almonds blanched, mix with a cream of mayonnaise dressing. Spread on buttered brown bread.
Chop the desired quantity of olives, mix with mayonnaise and spread on slices of buttered bread.
Chop equal quantities of veal and ham or chicken, moisten with stock from the meat, season well with salt, paprika and scraped onion and a nutmeg of nutmeg. Spread on buttered Graham bread.
Soak half a dozen soft-boiled eggs in a little cream, adding salt, make a delicious filling. Use one-half the quantity of yolks, a few chopped olives and spread on buttered brown bread.
To one cupful of ground ham add two cupfuls of chicken, both fine and a little green pepper finely chopped and mix with mayonnaise. Spread on buttered Graham bread.
Mash a little cream cheese with cream and spread on slices of buttered white bread. Cover the cheese with bits of chopped preserved ginger and candied peel.
Crisp lettuce leaves dipped in French dressing and served at once are most tasty.
Chop three hard-boiled eggs, season with onion juice and softened butter, spread on buttered bread.
Chop equal parts of pecans and celery and mix with mayonnaise which has been seasoned with grated lemon peel. Spread on thin slices of white bread.



How Liquid May Be Cooled Without Ice
When unable to get ice, water and any other beverages can be kept cold by the following simple method: Add a liberal quantity of coarse salt—about a handful to a pint of water—to some cold water. Pour some of it into a deep dish or soup plate. Moisten an old napkin or soft cloth with some of the salted water which is left, and wrap it closely round the jug containing the liquid, leaving only the top uncovered. Now place the jug in the dish containing the salted water and stand in a cool place, in a current of air. Replenish the water in the dish from time to time, as the secret of success is in keeping the cloth very moist.

How Gold May Be "Made"
That the dream of medieval alchemists of forcing nature to give up her secret of how to make gold is nearing practical realization is the prediction freely made in German scientific circles. In the seclusion of their laboratories German scientists are working on this problem with great energy and secrecy.
Prof. A. Meitner, famous scientist of the Charlottenburg Technical High School, whose announcement of successfully making gold out of mercury created a sensation in the scientific world, now is reported to have closed a contract with the Siemens-Schuckert company of Berlin for further development and realization on a practical commercial basis of his discoveries.

How Animals Sleep
The statement is often made that animals do not sleep as soundly as human beings. A reader writes to us saying that they do. But, he says, in their normal condition their hearing is so acute that the least noise will fully arouse them at once. Animals which are born deaf—white Spitz dogs for instance—sleep so soundly that it takes as much shaking to arouse them as it does a baby boy. "I have a puppy—part Spitz—that sleeps so soundly that I can take it up and carry it around without waking it," a correspondent of the Pathfinder Magazine says. "Many of the white and practically all of the albino Spitz dogs are born deaf."

How Twilight Is Explained
Light is reflected from the higher parts of the atmosphere until the sun is about 14 degrees below the horizon. Near the equator there is but a slight light because of the thickness of the atmosphere. In the high latitudes twilight sometimes lasts from sunset to sunrise. The state of the atmosphere on a cloudy day, has a direct bearing on the length of twilight.

How Earth Is Slowing Down
The earth is slowing down, says a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution. But there is little danger of cessation of its rotary motion, for the rate of slowing down is only one-thousandth of a second per century. This means a loss of a minute in six million years. Scientists estimate that ages and ages ago the earth revolved so fast that a day was three or four hours.

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The elachan or candlefish, which is found on the Pacific coast from Oregon upward, is dried and used as a lamp by the Alaskan Indians. It is a fish from 12 to 15 inches long, with very oily flesh. After the fish is dried, a piece of rush with a strip of lichen bark of a cypress tree is drawn through it for a wick.

POULTRY

BLACKHEAD MOST COMMON DISEASE

Blackhead is one of the most common diseases of turkeys. It is caused by a microscopic parasite that affects especially the liver and ceca (blind pouches of the intestines) of birds from six weeks to four months of age. Older turkeys or chickens, however, are not immune to the trouble. Chickens may be a source of infection and not show signs of the disease.

The term "blackhead" is misleading, as any disease which causes a decrease in the oxygen supply of the blood may cause the head to become darkened in color. The characteristic symptoms are the flock, loss of appetite, diarrhea and sulphur-colored droppings. The dark color of the head is common, but it is not always a reliable diagnostic symptom, as it may be the result of some other trouble. As the disease progresses the feathers become ruffled, the wings droop and general debility is noticed. Usually, several poulters are stricken at once.

Treatment for blackhead is of little value. The hope is for prevention. Remove birds to new quarters and see that drinking and feeding vessels are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Sick birds should be killed and buried or burned. A treatment which is advised by some is as follows: For each 20 birds give two teaspoonfuls of powdered ipecac mixed in a mash, twice a week until the poulters are three months of age, then reduce the dosage one-half and give once each 10 days until the birds are ready for market.

Hens Relish Succulence in Potatoes and Apples

Raw potatoes and apples are relished by the hens and add succulence to the ration. However, a balanced dry mash should be used at the same time to encourage egg production. Alfalfa leaves and vines are rather tough and not usually eaten by the hens when they have access to other green feed. A clover pasture or the succulent leaves of a Swiss chard will be much better.

Cull radishes and the leaves will be picked over by the hens. They like the roots but do not relish the tough leaves. Other grasses and green feed are better poultry feed. Much depends on the quality of the poultry range. Hens in small yards will seem to like certain tough leaves that they will never touch if more tender and succulent green feed is available.

Hints on Care of Eggs

Provide plenty of clean nests for the laying hens.
Gather eggs twice a day.
Keep the eggs in a cool, fairly dry place.
Keep out the cracked, dirty, small and very large eggs for home use.
Never wash eggs unless they are to be used immediately by local trade.
Market eggs frequently, at least once a week and preferably twice.
Know the preferences of your market and strive to meet them.
Grade your eggs for uniformity in size, shape and color.
Know the shipping requirements of express or railroad companies when you use their services.
Use only sound, strong, standard packages and pack the eggs properly.
Remember quality is essential for best prices.
If you are selling through a satisfactory agency with which you have established a reputation for high quality, be very sure that you have secured a better outlet before you make a change.
If you sell to local dealers, insist upon their buying eggs on a "first off" or quality basis.—Farmers' Bulletin 1379, United States Department of Agriculture.

Poultry Notes

Dispose of all old birds that have stopped laying.
Do not sell early hatched pullets; they will mean winter eggs.
Hens and pullets should be put into a coop and if they do not lay ship them to the producer dealer.
Small, weak hens with long slim heads generally lack vigor and are usually short time layers.
Soft-shelled eggs may be caused by condiments. Spices often lead to trouble.
W. H. Haddock, authority on poultry diseases at the Kansas Agricultural college, recommends cutting of weak, inferior birds, strict sanitation and protection from undue exposure as the most promising means of controlling the epidemic among fowls.

HOW

HOUSEWIVES OF LONG AGO PREPARED THEIR FOOD.
How did those lake-dwellers of the Stone Age bake their cakes of bruised grain? Probably the dough was laid on a flat of convex-shaped stone, which was heated, while the cake was covered with hot ashes. Stones have been found among prehistoric remains which were apparently used for this purpose. In ancient Egyptian tombs cakes have been found, of concave shape, suggesting the use of baking slabs. The material of the cakes was coarsely cracked grain.

In primitive times milling and baking were two arts. The housewife, and the daughters or handmaids, crushed or ground the grain and prepared the bread or cakes. When the patriarch Abraham entertained the angels unwares, as related in Genesis 18, he bade his wife Sarah "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth." Among the remains of ancient houses in Chaldæa, an oven for baking bread has been found in every courtyard, and close by were kept the grinding stones. That bread prepared by means of heaven was known in the days of the patriarchs may be fairly inferred from the passage in Genesis 3, where it is said of Lot that he "made a feast, and did bake unleavened bread." The difference is here implied, showing that leavened bread was known as well as unleavened.

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CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
Chapman Street
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.
Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Minister
Thursday, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. F. E. Hanscom.
Sunday, Oct. 18:
10:45: Service of worship conducted by supply.
12:00: Church School.
7:00: C. E. prayer meeting. Topic, "Prayer." Leader, Miss Belle Purington.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. C. B. Oliver, Minister
Church School at 9:45.
Worship 10:45. The choir have a special anthem. Sermon, "Hidden Treasure."
Epworth League, 5:30-7:35.
Evening worship, 7:30. Banger delegates will use the evening. They will have much to say. Come prepared to remain until nine (9) o'clock.
On Friday evening there will be an "All-day" supper for all the "young" people of the village, i. e., all between 12 and 40 who are interested in the State Program for Young People of Oxford County. This includes people from all the churches. Automobiles will come from Norway and South Paris—Universalists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists, etc. We hope West Bethel will be represented. Each person brings a pie or cake and a dime. Miss Ruth A. Carter will be the speaker and President James will help conduct the business.

The Ladies' Aid meets with Mrs. Perry C. Layman, Thursday.
Class prayer meeting evening, Tuesday at 7:30.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

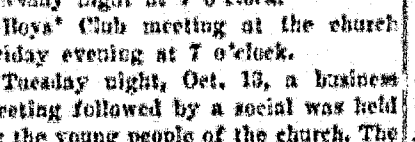
Rev. C. Easternhuc, Minister
Morning services at 10:45. The minister will speak on the subject, "The Future of Pilgrim Freedom."
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Special music by a large chorus of young people at the services.
The young people will join the young people at our chorus in Norway.
A candle light service will be given by our own young people.
Autos will leave the church at 4 P. M. Their practice at Mrs. Willey's, Tuesday night at 7 o'clock.
Boys' Club meeting at the church Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
Tuesday night, Oct. 13, a business meeting followed by a social was held by the young people of the church. The following officers were elected:
President—Frank Keniston.
Vice President—Edmond Guillelte.
Secretary—Miss Maxine Clough.
Treasurer—Mallison.
Social Com.—Misses Virginia Goodnow and Pearl Sampson and Mr. Brown.
At the close of the business session games were played and refreshments were served.
Oct. 27 the young people of the church will give an entertainment open to the public. There will be an all boys' play, "Jerry's Job," a play by the girls, "Blood Will Tell." Special musical numbers between the plays. Admission fee will be 35 and 25 cents.
The Ladies' Circle met with Mrs. Willey. A birthday party was given in honor of Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Mason, both of whom have been faithful members of the church.

Rule for Success

When the driver sees a hill ahead he speeds up his car, and "clatters" the hill out, as it were. If in the same way men would approach obstacles to their careers, there would be more successes in life. Success largely depends on speeding up when hills obstruct its pathway.—Gift.

TH' OLE GROUCH

TELL ME, BEFORE I CHASE MY MIGHTY RHYME KIT AGAIN, HOW, JAW, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT CANG O' CANGS INTO TH' HOUSE INHINS WHERE ME BARNUM WANT ANOTHER ME, INHINS?
"W DANG DON'T KNOW, IS BETTER, BUT YOU DO, CONSIDER ME, MORE!"



GRAY'S Business College
and School of Shorthand and Typewriting
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Office and Typewriting Systems
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FREE
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296 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Odeon Hall, Bethel Fri., Oct. 16

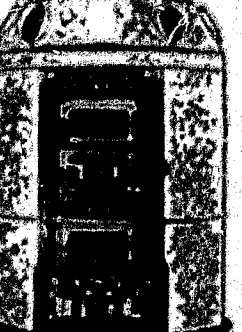
BABY THELMA
The Ten Year Old Mental Wonder In Person
25 minutes of scientific Laughs and Thrills.
The mind reader who answers all questions.
ALSO
BUSTER KEATON in The Navigator
2-Reel Comedy News Reel.
25c and 35c

SAT., OCT. 17 D. W. GRIFFITH presents "AMERICA"

Romance! Adventure! Laughter! An attempt to suggest in a small way the great sacrifice made by our forefathers that America might become a free and independent nation. A thrilling story of love and romance by Robert W. Chambers. A truly great picture-play.
Admission 20c, 35c and 50c

COMING---SAT., OCT. 24. Kenneth Harlan, Bebe Daniels, T. Roy Barnes in "The Crowded Hour"

SaveFuel!
Heating the house well without wasting fuel — it's the one big problem this year — and it can be done IF YOU START RIGHT.
The famous GUARANTEED —
Atlantic WARM AIR HEATERS
are built to conserve fuel. Instant mild warmth for chilly days — a few papers and old boxes will do it — saving costly fuel for continued cold weather. Every room well heated — complete room-to-room ventilation — pre-moistened air so vital to health and comfort. Thousands of these Portland made heaters in use and giving complete satisfaction. Made either pipeless for small houses or several pipes for larger installations. Won't you let us explain the system to you?
Liberal Time Payment Terms
Ask for free booklet entitled "Harmonized Heating."
D. GROVER BROOKS, Bethel J. B. ROBERTS, Hanover





NAMELESS RIVER

VINGIE E. ROE

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, is on her way to McKane's store at Cordova, seemingly infuriated by the sight of a girl blowing in a valley below. A rifle bullet near the horses' feet. The girl takes no notice.

CHAPTER II.—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother, a crippled brother, Bud, farming land taken up by her father, killed a short time before his mysterious accident. Bud is the victim of a deliberate attempt to murder him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land and is trying to frighten the Allisons into leaving.

And then, suddenly, there came a thin, keen whine, a little clear whistle, and a kalfo stood quivering between her dropped hands, its point imbedded deep in the leaves of the old Bible.

For a moment she sat so, while a flash of anger poured up along her throat to flare to the roots of her tangled hair.

With no uncertain hand she jerked the blade from the profound pages, leaped to her feet, scratched a stub of pencil from a broken mug on a shelf, tore a fly-leaf from the precious book, and, bending in the light, wrote some "X" on it. She folded the bit of paper, thrust the knife point through it, and, turning swiftly, flung them viciously through the window where the thin curtain had been parted.

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CHAPTER III

The Iron Hand of Sky Line. Kate Cathrew—Cattle Kate Cathrew—lived like an eagle on the crest of the world looking down. She looked down along the steep slopes of Mystery ridge, dark with the everlasting green of conifers, speckled with the lighter green of glade and brush patch, the weathered red of outcropping stone—far down to the silver thread of Nameless river flowing through its grassed banks, the fair spread of the valley with its priceless feeding land.

The buildings of Sky Line ranch lay nestled at the foot of Rainbow cliff, compact, solid, like a fortress, reached by cattle trails, for there was no wagon road. There could have been one on these forbidding steep. The buildings themselves were built of rock, but all that was within them had come into the lonesome country on pack mules, even to the big steel range in the kitchen. The house itself was an ancient place, packed with all necessities, beautiful with luxuries, its contents worth a fortune. It had many rooms and a broad veranda enclosed it. The veranda stood in ranks about it, and at the sheer face of Rainbow cliff, at the back a six-inch stream of crystal water shot forth in a graceful shower from the height of a man's shoulder, fell into a natural basin in the cliff, and by its own capricious action.

And stretching out like an outspread eagle on either side this majestic cliff, the mountain ridges for seven miles, a splendid carpet, stretched up to the top, averaging five hundred feet from its base in the sloping earth to the steep face of the cliff.

Rainbow cliff, grim guardian of the Mystery Country and the Deep Heart, hid itself, appeared to be impossible in all its height, dark in the early day but gleaming far with all the colors of the spectrum when the sun dropped over toward the west at noon. No man was ever known to have scaled the cliff—save and except John Allison, found dead at its foot two years back—for the giant spine was also on both sides. Men from the Upper Country had penetrated the Deep Heart to its northern base but there they had stopped, to crouch they had ended, void of the secrets they had tried to wrest from it.

And Kate Cathrew lived under it, a strange, half-savagely woman, running her cattle on the slopes of Mystery, riding after them like any man, standing at round-up, branding, beef gathering, her keen eyes missing nothing, her methods high-handed. Her riders obeyed her slightest word, though they

Were mostly of a type that few men would care to handle, hard-featured, close-lipped, sharp-eyed, hard riders and hard drinkers, as all the world of the Deep Hearts knew.

Yet Kate Cathrew handled these men and got good work out of them, and she belonged to none of them.

Not but what there were hot hearts in the outfit and hands that lashed for her lips that wet themselves hungrily when she passed close in her supreme indifference.

But Rio Charley carried a bullet-scar in his right shoulder, and Big Bastard walked with a slight limp—yet they both remained with her.

There was no other white woman at Sky Line. She would have none. Minnie Pine, a stalwart young Pomona half-breed, and old Josefin, brown as parchment and noncommittal, carried on the household under her supervision, and no one else was needed.

At noon of the day after Kate's visit to the store at Cordova, she sat in the big living room at Sky Line looking over accounts. An observer having seen her on the previous occasion, would hardly have recognized her now. Gone were the broad hat, the pearl-buttoned shirt, the fringed riding skirt and the boots.

The black hair was piled high on her head, its smooth backward sweep crinkled by the tight curl that would not be brushed out. There was fragrance about her, and the dress she wore was of dark blue flowered silk, its clever draping setting off her form to its best advantage, which needed no adornment. Silk stockings smoothed themselves luxuriously over her slender ankles, and soft kid slippers, all vanity of cut and make and sparkling buckle, clothed her feet in beauty.

She was either a fool or very brave, for she was the living spirit of seduction.

But the somber eyes she turned up from her work to scan the rider who came to her, his hat in his hands, were all business, impersonal.

"Well?" she said impatiently. The man was young, scarce more than a boy, of a devil-may-care type, and he looked at her fearlessly.

"Here's something for you, Boss," he said grinning, as he handed her a soiled bit of paper.

It was thin, yellowed with age, and it seemed to have been roughly handled.

The mistress of Sky Line spread it out before her on the top of the dark wood desk.

"The Lord is the strength of my life," she read, "of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host shall encamp against me, my heart shall not fear."

It was unsigned and the characters, while hurriedly scrawled, were made by bold strokes, as if a strong hand had, indeed, inscribed them, a strong hand penned them.

With a full-mouthed oath Kate Cathrew crumpled the bit of paper in her hand and flung it in the wastebasket against the wall.

"How did you get that?" she demanded.

"On the point of the knife you sent the girl," he answered soberly, "and right near the middle of my stomach."

For a considerable space of time the woman sat regarding him. "I sent you to help in the breaking of mares?" she said coldly, "not to bring me back danger. Next time I'll send a more trustworthy man."

He nodded the head, and the youth went quickly to the door.

Interference. Kate Cathrew had heard that heavy thunder of falling bodies on boards and she was quicker than her half-breed, for she was up and away from the desk before Big Bastard had risen on his knees, and as she rose her left hand swept down the wall, taking from its two pegs the heavy quilt that always hung there.

With the first jab of the boy's head back on the floor, she was running down the veranda, her arm raised high. With the second she was between Big Bastard and the light like a threat of doom.

As he surged forward once more above the blackening face in his throbbing fingers, she flung her body back in a stiff arc to get more impetus—and drove the braided lash forward and down like a fury.

It struck Big Bastard's head from the back, the bitter end snapping across his face with indescribable force.

It curled him away from his victim, tumbling back on his heels with his murderous hands covering his cheeks.

For a moment he hung on the veranda's edge, balanced, then slipped off, lurching on his lame foot. He held his hands over his face for a tense moment. Then he looked up through his fingers, where the blood was beginning to ooze, straight at the woman.

The red-rimmed eyes were savage with rage and hurt, but behind both was a burning passion which seemed to swell and burgeon with a perverted admiration.

"I've told you before, Bastard," said Kate Cathrew, "that I will deal with my men myself. I don't need your overly zealous aid. Get out of my sight—and stay out till you can heed what I say. Minnie, take this fool



"You'll find what's my business, D—n you," cried Big Bastard. "You—"

away—pump some wind into him. Give him some whiskey."

She touched the boy contemptuously with the toe of her buckled slipper. He was weakly trying to get up and the Poma girl unconsciously finished the effort, lifting him almost bodily in her arms and supporting him through the door into the kitchen.

The look she turned over her shoulder at Big Bastard was venomous.

The owner of Sky Line walked down the veranda to her living-room door. At its flit she stopped and stood, drawing the heavy quilt through her fingers, looking back at Big Bastard. He had watched her progress and now the hard, bright, sparkling gaze of her dark eyes seemed to force him to movement, so that he picked up his hat, set it on his head and turned away towards the corral at Rainbow's foot, walking with a rolling gait that further made one think of jungle folk.

But the lips in the flaring beard were twitching.

Kate Cathrew went in and hung the quilt on its smug pegs, then sat down and took up her interrupted work just where she had left it.

CHAPTER IV

The Mystery of Blue Stone Canyon. On the high face of Nameless, Nance Allison lived for a while and her blue eyes scanned the land. The house stood on a rocky outcrop. It had been built on a cliff of granite, and the Poma girl had a keen eye for a good place. The house was built on a rocky outcrop, and the Poma girl had a keen eye for a good place.

And then, suddenly, there came a thin, keen whine, a little clear whistle, and a kalfo stood quivering between her dropped hands, its point imbedded deep in the leaves of the old Bible.

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each with its promise and its inevitable blight, her face had become graver, less smiling. There had been the big fire then—the fire in the night where no fire was or had been. There had been the six fat steers that disappeared from the range and were never heard of, though Bud rode Buckskin to a lather in a fruitless search for them. There had been the good harness cut to pieces one night when Bud had forgotten to lock it up.

All these had been disasters in a real sense to these people living so meagerly with their scant possessions.

And this year they were more than poor, they were in debt to McKane for the new harness that had to be bought to replace the other. But Nance looked at her field of corn coming in long rows of tender green on the brown floor of the well-worked land and hoped. She was prone to hope. It was part of her equipment for the battle of life, her shield before the lance of her courage, her buckler of energy.

"It looks like a heavy crop, McKane," she told the trader honestly, "and I'll have far and away more than enough for you—I think I'll have enough left for my winter stock."

"Hope you do," said McKane, for though he was none too scrupulous where his own interests were concerned, he felt a vague admiration for the game girl working her lonely homestead in her dead father's place.

So, with the crop spreading its four delicate blades to the coaxing sun and the hay knee-deep in the big fenced flat across the river, Nance Allison laid by her labor for a while to rest her body and refresh her soul.

"I've just got to ride the hills, Mammy," she said smiling, "got to fish the holes in Blue Stone canyon, to climb the slopes for a little while. It will be my only chance, you know—there's the hay to cut soon and the corn to cultivate, and the cattle to look after later. I can't work all the year, Mammy, without a little play."

At which the mother's single eyes filled with tears—this for her daughter's only play—the riding in the lone hills—the fishing for trout in a shadowy canyon—when her young feet should have been tripping to the bit of ribbon—when she should have had ribbons and muslin dresses, and a sweetheart—the things of youth ere her youth should pass? Pensive, toiling at the borders of a play? It was a poignant pain indeed, that brought these instant tears, that withheld the feared protest.

So, in the golden mornings, Nance began to saddle Buckskin and ride over a track of broad and narrow flat behind the veranda, to come anubing home at dusk happy, sweet, filled with the joy of life, sometimes a string of speckled hearties dangling at her knee, sometimes empty-handed.

Sometimes Bud went with her, but it was not fair to Dan and Molly, the heavy team, to cheat them of their share of rest, since Bud must ride one or the other of them, and so Nance rode for the most part alone.

She lifted up her eyes to the hills in all truth and drew from them a very present strength. The dark, blue-green slopes of the tumbling ridges, covered with a tapestry of fleecy picked out points of pine and fir trees, filled her with the joy of the nature lover, the awe of the humble heart which considers the handiwork of God.

She lay for hours on some log high in a sunny glade, her hands under her fair head, her lips smiling and content, her long blue eyes dreaming into the cloud-decked heavens, and sometimes she wondered what the future held for her after the fashion of maid since the world began. She recalled the restless wanderings of the family in her early years, remembered vaguely the home and the school in old Missouri, her father's ceaseless urge for travel. And then had come their journey's end, here in the austere loneliness of Nameless valley, where his nomad heart had settled down and had been at home. She thought of these familiar things, and of others not familiar, such as pleasuring the house and Bud would one day build on the big meadow, with running water piped from the rushing stream level, with carpets—Mrs. Allison was a dreamer, seeking interminable trails of "rags" for the fabric—and with such simple comforts as seemed to her worth short of luxuries. She knew of a woman in Belmont who gave carriage to Mrs. Porter, at the reasonable price of thirty cents a week, and she had seen the wares of a peddler and a peddler's wife.

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Here also, were the mysterious fastnesses of Blue Stone canyon, its perpendicular walls of eroded rock cut by seam and fissure, its hollow slides resonant always of the murmurous stream that tumbled through them.

Nance loved the canyon. She liked to climb among its boulders, to whip its frequent pools for the trout that hung in their moving smoothness, to listen to the thousand voices that seemed always whispering and talking. They were made of fairy stuff and madness, these voices. If one sat still and listened long enough he could swear that they were real, that strange, uncanny voices that came from the spheres. On the hottest days of summer the canyon was cool, for a wind drew always through it from its unknown head somewhere in the Deep Hearts themselves far to the north and east. Buckskin felt the mysterious influence of the soundless silence, pricking his ears, listening, holding his breath to let it out in snorts, and Nance laughed at his uneasiness.

"Buckskin," she said one day, as she lay stretched at length on a flat rock beside a boiling rill, "you're a bundle of nerves, a natural-born shiner of fears. There isn't a thing bigger or uglier than yourself in all the canyon—unless it's a panther skulking up in the branches, and he wouldn't come near for a fortune—though what could be a fortune to a canyon, I wonder!" she went on to herself, smiling at the strip of sky that topped the frowning rim-rock, "only a full belly, I guess—the murderer."

She lay a long time basking in the sun that shone straight down, for it was noon, reveling in the relaxation of her young body, long worked to the limit and frankly tired.

"She took her bread and bacon from a pocket and ate with the relish which only healthy youth can muster, clearing up the last crumb, drank from the stream, her face to the surface, and finally rose with a long breath of satisfaction."

"You can stay here, you old fraud," she said to the pony, dropping his reins over his head. "It's hard on your feet, anyway. Me—I'm going on up a ways."

Buckskin looked anxiously after her, one eyeed where he was hid, as a well-trained horse should do, and the girl went on up the canyon, her fair head bare, her hands on her hips.

She drank in the somber beauty of the dull blue walls, long to their towering rims with corrosion and prominence curved fantastically by erosion of uncounted years—listened, lips apart the better to hear, to the deep blended monotone of the talking voices.

She skirted great boulders fallen from above, ended a rill here, leaped a narrow there, and always the great cut became rougher, wilder, more forbidding and mysterious.

She stood for a long time beside a pool that lay, still-seeming and dark, behind a huge rock, but in whose shadowed depths she could see the swirling of white sand that marked its turmoil.

When the snow melted in the high gulches of the Deep Hearts a little later, this place would be a roaring race. She thought of its foamy volume pouring from the canyon's mouth to swell the flood of Nameless a bit below her southern boundary. But it was a lone and lovely spot now, what with its peopled silence and its blue-toned walls.

These things were passing through her mind as she watched the swirling sand, when all suddenly, as if an invisible hand had brushed her, she became alert in every fiber.

She had heard nothing new in the murmurous monotone, seen no shadow among the pale shadows about her, yet something had changed. Some different element had intruded itself into the stark elements of the place.

Her skin rose in tiny prickles, she felt her muscles stiffen. She had lived in the face of menace so long that she was supersensitive, had developed a seventh sense that was quick to the nth degree.

She stood for a moment gathering her powers, then she whirled in her tracks, sweeping the canyon's width with eyes that missed nothing.

It did not take the movement which was almost too swift for sight—the dropping of some dark object behind a rock, the peering of a lit of plume tail.

The next instant was between her and the hidden foot of the cliff, one of a mass that had been from the earth's face for a long time. For a moment she stood very still, waiting, nothing with her, nothing to do, at the cliff's edge, any further on she caught another glimpse of that and up. The creature was waiting for the wall feet, keeping the rock between. A wall could do what there was something about that bit of plume which did not spell out to her, and it was more than a wall, for it was the exact quality of a wolf's brush. There were a tier of claws—and as a sudden darting, the Nance Allison leaped for the rock, caught its top with both hands and perched over.

With a start and a whine the owner of the tail faced her in the low mouth of a cave, his joined ears flat to his head, his feet spread wide apart, his head dropped, his jaws apart and ready, and round his outstretched neck there stood up in quivering defiance, the broad white ruff of a pure bred collie dog!

The girl stared at him with open-mouthed amazement—and at the more astonishing thing which lay along the reddish earth beneath him—for this was the thin little leg and foot of a small child.

In utter silence and stillness she stood so, her hands on the rock's top, and for all the length of time that she watched there was not a tremor of the

little leg, nor a movement of the dog's crouching body. The only motion in the tense picture was the ripple of the stream, the quiver of the lips drawn back from the gleaming fangs.

When the tension became unbearable Nance spoke softly: "Come, boy," she said, "come—boy—come."

She ventured a hand across the rock, but the quivering lips drew back.



"Come, Boy," She Said. "Come, Boy, Come."

trifle more, the big body crouched a bit lower—and the little bare leg drew out of sight behind the cave's edge.

Carefully the girl slipped back from the rock toward the pool, gained its lip, and dropped swiftly away down the canyon.

At a little distance she drew a deep breath and looked back. The mouth of the cave was black and vacant.

There was no sign of the fiery eyes and staving jaws, of a thin little leg under a fringe of blue jeans tussled.

With eyes dilated and lips closed in amazed silence Nance Allison made her way back to Buckskin, mounted and returned to the state of Nameless.

She had found Mystery with a capital, but she knew that she must wait with patience its unraveling.

These pale eyes between the dark cave held a challenge which only a fool would disregard—it would take time and patience.

But, for the love of humanity, why was a child hiding like a fawn in Blue Stone canyon—with only a dog to guard it—and with no sign of camp or people?

CHAPTER V

What Nance Found. Nance pushed Buckskin hard and rode in early to the cabin and her mother's counsel. She put the little horse away in the stable and fed him his quota of the precious hay, for Buckskin was not turned out to graze. He, along with Dan and Molly, was too necessary to the life of the homestead to take chances with.

They would miss him sorely should he go the way of the six steers. She hurried up and pulled open the kitchen door.

"Mammy," she said excitedly to the gaunt woman shelling peas by the table, "I've found something in the canyon. I wonder—should I meddle?"

Mrs. Allison laid her wrinkled brown hands on the edge of the pan and looked at her daughter.

"It's according," she said soberly, "does it need meddling?"

"That's what I don't know. I found a collie dog—a savage dog for that breed—and a little child hiding in a cave. I couldn't get near to them, but they act like they know what they're doing—they had watched me from behind a rock and crawled to the cave line with it when I turned. I only saw the child's foot—but it was a thin little thing—and the old jeans pantleg was weathered to rags. There wasn't a sign of camp—nothing. What could it mean?"

The anxiety of a universally loving heart was in Nance's voice. "Did I do right to come away—or should I have tried some more to see them? It couldn't be done, though—the dog is on guard. I'd have to be handled slowly. I'm sure of that."

Mrs. Allison considered this odd information gravely.

"It means some one else besides the child and dog, that's certain. They never got there by their own selves."

"But couldn't they get lost from some one—and they may be hungry?" the girl half rose as that thought, her brown gathering in distress, "because whoever could be in Blue Stone canyon, and what for, I don't know."

The older woman shook her head.

To be continued.

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